

A Pamphlet compyled by G. L.

To master Smyth and Wyllyam G.
Prayenge them both, for the loue of our Lorde,
To growe at last to an honest accorde.



He fynest wyt that is alpye
Cannot deuyse by tynge nor pen
The spytefull malycie to descryue
That reygnyth now i dyuerse me
We maye perceyue by them that stryue
For castynge out a carde of ten
That charyte is set at nought
So reygnyth malycie in mannes thought.

Whych thyng doth force me thus to wryte
Concernynge the vncharyte
Of two that nowe with hatefull spyte
Do blame eche other openly
To none of bothe I owe despyte
Per this is none Apology
For nether parte: but stryfe to stent
Is grounde of all myne argument.

The stryfe I speake of, is betwixt
One master Smyth & Wyllyam G.
They wrytynge are confusely myxt
With bytynge wordes, and bylany
In eche of them, a wyl is fyrst
To maynteyne still his vanprie
Which hath a very feble grounde
Wherewith his enemy to confounde.

All this began, fyrst by a knaue
I wote not who, that wote a trolle
Wherin he dyd but rage and raue
He knewe full lytle of saynt Poule
Which wrytte the loue that men shuld haue
And for one dyd thys trolle controule
Lo master Smyth a boke hath pende
This trespynge troller to defende.

Some saye, it was for flatterye
And some do saye, it was for mede
For to aduance him selfe therby
Such men (they saye) do soonest spede
That least can skyll of modesty
But what he meant, therby in dede
If I shall iudge, as I do take it
Naught but malycie, made him make it.

For thow out his raplynge booke
Of charyte no worde is spoken
Till all his malycie purpose tooke
For malycie, forthwith wylbe woken
And who so lyst therein to looke
Maye iudge him well, by his owne token
A raplynge knaue, for to defende
Is, in no wyse man to commende.

If master Smyth had marked well
The purpose of that foolyshe dawne
Which trolde vpon the Lorde Crumwell
Wyth ragged ryme, not worth a strawe
He myght haue founde that wretch rebell
Both agaynst God, and all good lawe
And not haue blamed Wyllyam G.
For blamyng his vncharyte.

But when W. G. dyd fele the pycke
So threattyng and malycious
I wonder not though he dyd kycke
For why, it was too iclauderous
And for the kycke, was somewhat quycke
Lo, he agayne as enypous
A testy aunswere strayte dyd wryte
With cheeke for cheeke, & spyte for spyte.

But of this stryfe, the chiefe effect
That maynteyned is so knappyshly
Is ryse by the great suspect
Of poppyshnes and heresy
One sayth the other is infecte
With such a spyce of knauery
I wyl not iudge, which it shulde be
But bothe they wrytynge are to se.

These sortes are both to dyscommende
In any man, where they be founde
For papistes do nought els ppretende
But Chyistes gloze to confounde
And Heretykes, God them amende
Haue but a very feble grounde
If that they preache, that is for bod
Dyffer from the worde of God.

For heresy is nothyng elles
But swaruyng from the true belefe
As holy wrytte expyelly telles
And he is worse then any thefe
That theragaynst in ought rebelles
Or he that seketh his relefe
Of false goddes, and not of Chyist
Is no les, then an Antechyist.

But he that hath a poppysh harte
And wyl not vnto Chyist be wonne
He seekyth not, but to subuert
All that the kynge hath well begonne
No reason maye hys wyl conuert
But he wyl do, as he hath done
Wyth tothe and nayle, for to vpholde
Hys blynde belefe, and errors olde.

I wryte not thys, meanynge therby
That master Smyth is of that sorte
Per I iudge not that Wyllyam G.
Is soche as Smyth dothe hym repoyte
But wryte my mynde wyth charyte
The partys bothe for to echoyte
That he that fyndes hym in the cryme
May fyrst recante, hys raplynge ryme.

But thys is for to dyscommende
In master Smyth aboue althyng
That he so rashlye wolde defende
A byapnles buz, in hys wrytynge
And afterwarde still forth contende
Wyth malycie, and wyth threatenyng
Agaynst that pooze man Wyllyam G.
Farre from all godlye charyte.

Wrestyng the scriptures as hym lyst
For his owne purpose out of frame
But he that stryfe doth so reslyst
That perfect worde, he doth defame
Wherin our helth doth whole consyst
For that is it, the very same
That teacheth vs the loue and dyde
To God and to the kynge our hede.

Perchaunce & Smyth wyl take it yll
That I iudge him so openly
No force for that, it shall not skyll
For he is knowen sufficiently
But I protest, that in my wyl
I meane nothyng malyciously
But yet men must, for all his heate
Repute him hotte, that see him swete.

Lykewyse the other dyd offende
Wyth wrytynge so impacientlye
For that is no waye to amende
In harte that cankers inwardly
But he his cause, shulde still defende
Wyth mekenes and wyth charyte
And not wyth malycie nor despyght
But suffer mekely wyng and ryght

Eyn as the Gospell dothe vs teache
Whych is oure chiefe profession
For Paule hym selfe dyd alwaye preache
That, for the chiefe confession
Of chyisten heartes, to make the stretch
They sayth vnto Chyists passyon
The only entry into healthe
All other entres are but sleath.

Lo, thus I fynde them both to blame
Wythynge to eche with all myne heart
In honest mendment, wythout shame
And praye to Chyist that he conuert
Oure iudgementes all into such frame
That they and we, in euery parte
Wythouten grudge, debate or grefe
Maye fynly stande in one belefe.

Whych teacheth vs to loue and dyde
Hym that hath the power vnder God
I mean the kynge that is our head
That here in earth doth beare the rod
Of true iustye in Chyistes scade!
By pceptes wordes we be for bod
Hym to wythstande, or to wythsaye
In euery cause we must obaye.

For whome, as for our only gypde
Oure greatest helpe and cheffest staye
That daylye doth for vs prouyde
To saue vs sounde wythout decaye
In warre and peace on euery syde
Wyth one accorde let vs all praye
To sende hys grace, vs here amonge
Honour, encrease, good lyfe and longe.

God saue the Kynge.

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